

THE
CYPRESS-WREATH,
OR
MEED OF HONOR;
&c.

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THE
CYPRESS-WREATH;
OR
MEED OF HONOR;
AN
ELEGIO-HEROIC POEM,
TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE
CAPTAIN LORD ROBERT MANNERS, &c.
WITH A SKETCH FOR HIS EPITAPH.
DEDICATED,
(BY PERMISSION,)
TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF RUTLAND.

—*Pulchrumque mori succurrit in Armis.*

—*Sic itur ad Astra.*

VIRGIL, *Æn.* ii. & ix.

BY HENRY LUCAS, A.M.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

L O N D O N.

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M.DCC.LXXXII.



T O

H I S G R A C E T H E

D U K E O F R U T L A N D .

MY LORD,



OUR kind Acceptance of the first Sketch of the following Lines; the Politeness with which you honored me with Permission to INSCRIBE them to your GRACE, demand my public, as well as private Acknowledgements.

While the MUSE was deemed the Favorite of NATURE; and, as such, met the Respect, the Favor of Men; "TO COMMEMORATE VIRTUE" was her chief Delight, her only Care.

If, MY LORD, aspiring to apply my humble Talents to that sacred Use, while Disappointments, as severe, as unavoidable on my Part, prevent my employing them to my designed, or other more worldly Purpose---for that there is a NOBLER, I submit to YOUR GRACE: if extolling the living Virtues of MAJESTY, or commemorating those of a NORTHUMBERLAND or CHATHAM deceased, for public Imitation: if the voluntary Defence of a fair and noble Character, abused and traduced: if, MY LORD,

such Efforts be meritorious; if the undeniable Approbation of them be sincere or just; my MUSE may truly claim that Honor.

Such would she seek here, MY LORD; where instinctive, operating Zeal in the Glory of my Country, animated by a GRANBY's Virtues, so immediately reflected now, with due Lustre, in the Gallantry and Death of his Son, the noble MANNERS, your GRACE's only Brother, calls her forth (would I could say, MY LORD) inspires her Pen, in the great Cause of NATIONAL HONOR, of PUBLIC EXAMPLE.

These, MY LORD, are additionally incited by the general Voice; which marks out a RUTLAND, whose Sensibility, (so fully proved on the present Occasion) whose Rank, Power, &c. &c. seem given from above, to restore the Patriotic, VIRTUE-plauding MUSE to her lost, her true Dignity, her HEAVEN-inspired Use; the most effectual Antidote against the SCANDAL and SATIRE of the Age, which are the notorious Shame, the Abuse of POETRY.

On such well-founded Hope, MY LORD, still may the MUSE (spurning their offered Bribe) soar aloft to Themes of public Glory. For me, while such as a RUTLAND's Honors are the Delight of my Pen; that Gratitude may be the first Object of my Heart is the sincere Wish of him, who is, with all Respect and Truth,

YOUR GRACE's

Most obliged, obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

Spur-Street, Leicester-Fields,
24th June, 1782.

HENRY LUCAS.

THE
CYPRESS-WREATH,

OR
M E E D O F H O N O R ;

&c.

***** I V E S there a Man, who knows not GRANBY's
***** L Name ?
***** GRANBY, scarce rivall'd in the Lifts of FAME ?

Lives there, who knows not, MARS-like, how he fought;
His COUNTRY's Good possessing ev'ry Thought ?
How oft he conquer'd---CONQUEST proud to yield,
To such a Hero, the ensanguin'd Field ;
Proud to divide the Glories of the Day,
Or borrow Lustre from his brighter Sway ?

Rare

Rare tho' these Virtues ; many more refin'd
 This human Image of the God-like Mind !
 His feelings for the SOLDIER in Distress,
 His anxious Care their Sorrows to redress,
 His tender Sympathy for human GRIEF---
 Which, waking PITY, ever wak'd RELIEF---
 These, free from OSTENTATION's worldly Glare,
 Or "Pride of Office," which provokes DESPAIR ;
 With the long Train of private Virtues great,
 Which, in the Hero, form the Man compleat,
 Raise him such Monument, the Poet's Art
 No touch of new Encomium can impart,
 Nor swell the Rapture of each grateful Heart !

From such uncommon Stock, such gen'rous Root,
 What worthy Branches must not ever shoot !
 Which, as in Life matur'd to public Use,
 The Parent-Virtues, numberless, produce !

Of these, when WAR demands the gen'ral Care,
 TIME pauses not to view the Princely HEIR !

And

And---howsoever needfuls to set forth
 Actions, that speak more fully to his Worth---
 Yet, as the fondest Subject of my Muse,
 Delighting chaste Examples to infuse,
 When PEACE, with human CHARITY combin'd,
 In pity to the slaughter of Mankind,
 Affected both at ROYAL GEORGE's care,
 To save his People, and the Nations spare,
 Shall, to his Wish, her healing OLIVE raise ;
 With HER, my softest Reed shall learn to praise
 The sev'ral Virtues, that a RUTLAND grace---
 RUTLAND, the faithful Emblem of his Race!

But now, when WAR engages ev'ry Note,
 And, on each Gale, BRITANNIA's Trophies float ;
 When, on each Wave, by joyful TRYTONS bore,
 New Laurels flow from ev'ry hostile Shore ;
 To MARS and GLORY we must yield awhile,
 To greet these kind Protectors of our Isle!

And first ; dear azure God, with Rivers crown'd,
 Whose Trident awes the liquid World around!

Kind Father, NEPTUNE! thee I fain would greet,
 Could I to GRATITUDE give Language meet,
 To hail thy favors to the BRITISH FLEET!

O still go forth! thy partial kindness show!
 Victorious lead the foremost, gallant Prow!
 So shall with THEE, "Britannia rule the Wave,"
 Each new DE GRASSE, each hostile fury brave!
 With THEE, unrivall'd shall SHE rule the Main,
 And undivided Empire still maintain!
 While ev'ry TAR, in honest-hearted Pride,
 With *cheering Goblets crowns thy friendly Tide!

Next, much-lov'd RODNEY, hail; to COURAGE true!
 Who, on the Wings of fierce RESENTMENT, flew!
 To save JAMAICA was the bold Decree,
 Which, next to HEAV'N, its safety owes to THEE!
 Such praise be thine! so perfect may it last,
 Beyond pale JEALOUSY's or ENVY's blast!

* Alluding as well to the SAILORS "CHEERS of VICTORY," as to the
Cheeriness, or Spirit of the Liquor used in the Libation.

Beyond those public HARPIES' baneful reach,
Who feed upon the Laurels they impeach!

Next, vent'rous MUSE, soaring Top-Gallant high!
Who fears not, SAILOR-like, the Danger nigh!
Fears not the Rock of SCORN, the CRITIC Sneer,
That waits the Bard who ventures 'bove his Sphere!
Or only, like a Plagiarist of Fame,
As here, but breathes a secondary Flame!
Who, only with RODNEAN Spirit fir'd,
Catches, from him, the PATRIOT Zeal inspir'd,
With which each gallant, naval Chief he hail'd,
Who, led by him, 'gainst the proud Foe prevail'd!
Whose BRITISH Ardor, for such Conquest fit,
Made captive * PARIS tremble and submit,
With dreadful Carnage, ever to deplore
The loss, sustain'd upon the WESTERN Shore!

* The Admiral's Ship, the VILLE DE PARIS, the Pride of FRANCE, the
boast of the true City of PARIS; which, with DE GRASSE on Board, was taken in
the said Engagement, so glorious for ENGLAND, as well as for all the Heroes
concerned in it.

Each

Each Hero but to name, *sans* touch of PRAISE,
 Would fill the Space of the funereal Lays;
 Yet, proud to catch the Patriotic fire,
 I'll tune the * gen'ral Note a little higher!

O long may you enjoy the well-earn'd Meed,
 HEAV'N, HONOR, and your COUNTRY have decreed!
 Long may you live her Glory to defend,
 Your Laurels blooming daily, without end!
 Long distant be the Hour, the Muse shall twine
 Her mournful CYPRESS at your hallow'd Shrine!
 But, from that Hour--long distant be the Space!--
 May ev'ry BARD your finish'd Glories trace!
 When DEATH alone--PHILOSOPHERS agree--
 Sets human Praise, and human Actions, free!
 When DEATH demands--O unavailing Woe!
 The only Tribute living GRIEF can show.

Such is † "my Task of State!" no vulgar Theme,
 To blend the CYPRESS with the VICTORS' Fame!

* The Note of Praise so justly due to SIR SAMUEL HOOD, ADMIRAL DRAKE,
 and all the rest, who could only be mentioned here generally.

† SHAKESPEAR'S LEAR.

But

But DEATH demands it now ; who, leagu'd with FATE---
 Left BRITAIN's Triumph had been too compleat !
 In envious Hour, THREE valiant Heroes gave---
 Victorious Gift !---to an immortal Grave !

Need I to mention * MANNERS, BAYNE, or BLAIR,
 Three naval Chieftains, to their COUNTRY dear,
 Who claim the MUSE's, and the gen'ral Tear !
 Such Tears as HONOR, and the NATION's Pride,]
 Confer, to grace the Heroes that have died !
 Who, scorning fear of DEATH, have, from his Wound,
 Eternal Fame, eternal Glory, found !

Such Tears the MUSE, such should their COUNTRY shed,
 For all, who, in her Cause, have nobly bled !
 Such were the Tears, which † CATO gave his Son,
 With Thanks to HEAV'N---" His Duty he had done !"

* Captains of his MAJESTY's Ships, the RESOLUTION, ALFRED, and ANSON.
 Tho' LORD ROBERT MANNERS was not killed in the Engagement, he was so
 desperately and mortally wounded, that he died of his Wounds a few Days after.
 The Two last were killed in the Action.

† "Thanks to the Gods ! my Boy has done his Duty !"

ADDISON'S CATO.

Such were the Tears for the * HORATII slain,
When Two, of THREE, lay dead upon the Plain!
Such ROMAN Tears, to PUBLIC VIRTUE due,
Shall FAME, eternally, for these renew!

Yet there are Tears, not HONOR can controul,
Flowing, immediate, from th' affected Soul!
Instinctive NATURE draws them from their Source,
From our own loss, they arrogate their Force!
From Virtues lost to us, for ever fled,
We mourn ourselves, lamenting o'er the Dead!

Thus, conscious of the Evil we sustain,
SELF-LOVE administers the Cause of Pain;
Calls forth domestic Tears, RELATION'S Tie,
Such Tears, as now bespread a RUTLAND's Eye!
RUTLAND, whose sensibility of Woe,
Souls, so refin'd as his, can only know!

* The Combat between the HORATII and CURATII, in ROMAN Story, is too well known to want the least Annotation.

Such Tears are now for *GENERAL MANNERS giv'n,
 So lately fummon'd to the Joys of HEAV'N!
 But here, our Grief receives the just Allay,
 When DEATH consigns unto his native Clay
 One, whose long Thread of Life is fully spun,
 His Course of TIME and HONORS fairly run.

Not so the Hero, from whose youthful Bloom,
 DEATH snatch'd the Wreath of Honors yet to come
 From whose permitted, and extended Course---
 Prejudging from his Laurels' early Source---
 TIME promis'd such enlarg'd, wide-spreading Bays,
 The NATION's Wonder, and the Poet's Praise!

Hence our young Warrior, to the MUSE more known,
 Than BAINE or BLAIR---whom Kindred like bemoan--
 Claims ev'ry Tear, for Merit all must own!

* The Right Honorable LORD ROBERT MANNERS, General of his Majesty's Forces, &c. &c.; Great Uncle to the present DUKE OF RUTLAND, and to LORD ROBERT MANNERS, our Heroic Theme, died the 1st of June, 1782, as full of Age, as Honors; which made him, and his Merits, so universally known, that Encomium is unnecessary.

Merit

Merit, congenial with the GRANBY-Stream,
 That unpolluted Spring, from whence it came !
 Whence, as the PARENT was to SOLDIERS kind,
 Such was the SON, beneficent of Mind,
 To ev'ry SAILOR under his Command,
 Who shar'd abundant favors at his Hand ;
 Whence never CAPTAIN, of such youthful Bloom,
 Sunk, more regretted, to the hallow'd Tomb !

With these, so sweetly temper'd was his Heart,
 He gave Delight, without Disguise or Art ;
 Alike, in private Life, sincere and just,
 As in the Duties of his public Trust ;
 There, as by DEATH his Loyalty he prov'd,
 So these Tears boast, how dearly he was lov'd !
 These Tears, which, with a RUTLAND, all partake,
 And still shall flow for gallant MANNERS' sake !

END OF THE POEM.

[81]

W. H. V.

S K E T C H

OF THE

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Sic itur ad Astra.

T O

T H E M E M O R Y O F

T H E R I G H T H O N O R A B L E

L O R D R O B E R T M A N N E R S ,

S O N O F T H E V I C T O R I O U S

M A R Q U I S O F G R A N B Y ;

C A P T A I N O F H I S M A J E S T Y ' S S H I P ,

T H E R E S O L U T I O N ;

W H O ,

[18]

W H O,

IN THE EVER-MEMORABLE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN

ADMIRAL SIR G. B. RODNEY, AND COUNT DE GRASSE,

IN THE

W E S T I N D I E S,

ON THE TWELFTH OF APRIL,

M.DCC.LXXXII.

WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED;

OF WHICH WOUNDS HE DIED, A FEW DAYS AFTER,

ONLY TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE;

MOST SINCERELY REGRETTE,

(FOR HIS PUBLIC, AND PRIVATE VIRTUES)

BY THE WHOLE

B R I T I S H N A V Y,

A VERY NUMEROUS ACQUAINTANCE,

AND BY

H I S C O U N T R Y.

SACRED to VIRTUE, and each human Grace,
That honors MAN, or dignifies his Race!

Behold! This hallow'd Stone,
To GLORY's fav'rite Son,
Devoted stands!
While GALLIA's Bands
Their Navy lost deplore,
Or BRITISH Thunders roar;
FAME shall to MANNERS raise
A Crown of deathless Praise!
And posting here; on NEPTUNE's * WESTERN Car,
Swell ENGLAND's Glory, in her Son of War.

What tho' no Monument such Actions need!
Tho' FRANCE shall perish, ere his Trophies fade!
Yet ALBION's Fame,
In MANNERS' Name,
This Tribute renders to th' immortal Dead!

11:7:49

* The WESTERN Wave. Alluding to his being killed in the WEST INDIES, whence his chief FAME proceeds, to his and ENGLAND's Glory.

T H E E N D.

A P P E N D I X.

The Publications alluded to in the Dedicatory Address, are,

"POEMS TO HER MAJESTY;" with the Tragedy of the EARL of SOMERSET, &c, &c.

"THE TEARS OF ALNWICK;" a Pastoral Elegy, to the Memory of ELIZABETH, DUTCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

"A VISIT FROM THE SHADES, or EARL CHATHAM's Adieu to his Friend LORD CAMDEN."

"THE VISION OF PROPHECY, or SCANDAL CONVICTED;" A Poetic Epistle to his GRACE the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
